Keep Your Best Stock.

Many farmers are in the habit of selling their best animals because they will bring the highest prices. A greater mistake can not be made. A difference of 10 or even 25 per cent in the price of a single animal is a small matter compared to this difference in a whole herd. By keeping the very best to propagate from, the whole may be made of equal excellence, and in the cource of a few years numerous animals might be produced having the excellent qualities that now distinguish some few of the best.

What would you say of a farmer who sold his valuable varieties of potatoes and planted other kinds that were inferior? In consequence of this imprudent measure, his next crop would fall short. Everyone will condemn this course, and few if any are so wanting in descretion as to pursue it. Yet many take a similar course in selling their best animals and propagating from the poor. Not only is this true of animals for breeding purposes, but those for work as well. Who does not know in his own experience of farmers who sell their best work horses and keep the poorest ones? Well, the consequence is that the poorer one costs a great deal more to keep each year and does less work, and in the end is the most expensive animal. The policy should have been to keep the better one and to have sold the inferior.

And doubly so, we believe, when the farmer has animals for breeding purposes. There is a vast difference in our cattle in sections where much attention has been given to improvement by selecting the best, when contrasted with those where little or no attention has been paid to the subject, and as a matter of course, the best have been sold or eaten because they are the fattest. Every man who raises stock has it in his power to make improvements, and he should avail himself of all the advantages around him to turn his power to the benefit of himself and posterity.—C. W. Burkett, in Journal of Agriculture.

His Steady Job.

Bigley—You don't believe in a college education, then?

Jigley—No, it unfits a man for everything except to sit around croaking about how much more intelligently he could enjoy wealth than the average man does."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Corrected Bill.

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly, and write omelette with two t's and not one.

Waiter (a few minutes later)—It's all right now, sir; omelet 25 cents; two teas 40 cents.—Exchange.

Rheumatism and Meat Eating.

A great many medical authorities take the ground that rheumatism is peculiarly the disease of the flesh eater, and the theory is strengthened by the fact that the further you go south the less rheumatism you find, until when you get into the tropics, where a vegetable food is the rule and people eat very little flesh of any description, there is hardly any rheumatism. —Green's Fruit-Grower.

Looks Back on Years Well Spent.

Mrs. Mary E. Parker of Honolulu, a Congregational foreign missionary when Hawaii was foreign territory, celebrated some time ago the centennial of her birth. She has been 72 years on mission ground, a continuous missionary career without parallel. Mrs. Parker and her husband, Rev. Benjamin W. Parker, went to the Sandwich Islands as missionaries in 1832.

Deposits in United States Banks.

The deposits of banks and trust companies other than private and national banks amount to $8,000,000,000. The deposits of the United States as reported on December 1, amounted to round figures to $5,000,000,000. All the money in the United States would not pay one-quarter of these deposits on demand.—New York World.

AN IDEAL RAILROAD

A Place Where They Are Run for the People

The engine of the fast mail snorted and wheezed down the grade and whistled half a mile from Peleg Whackem's farmhouse.

Peleg was going to town that day, and he looked out of the window in the direction of the whistle.

Peleg got a broom and tied a red shirt on the end of the broom handle. "Go out and flag it, Lindy, and tell the engineer Peleg Whackem's going to town and wants him to wait a minute."

Lindy scampered out and stood in the middle of the track, waving the red shirt from the broom handle. The whistle tooted twice, and the engine came to a stop in front of Peleg's pump.

"Well?" said the engineer, thrusting his greasy cap and head out of the cab window.

"Pop wants to go to town," said Lindy, dragging the red shirt along the track as she went up to the engine. "He wants you to wait a minute. He ain't got his boots greased yit, and ma's ironin' him a white shirt."

"All right," said the engineer, gruffly. "How long'll it take, do you think?"

"Oh, mebbe half an hour," said Lindy.

The engineer lay down on the grass, glad of the chance to rest.

"This is what I call railroadin'," he muttered, sinking to sleep beneath the shade of a spreading elm.

The fireman drew a cup of water at the pump. Passengers alighted from the fast mail and gathered wild flowers by the way.

An inquisitive fly awakened the engineer and he looked at his watch. Then he looked over where Peleg Whackem was tugging at his boots.

"Hey, Peleg!" he cried. "Ain't you ever comin'? I got passengers on this train an' they want to get to the city. If you ain't ready in ten minutes more I'll go an' leave you."

"I can't git this doggoned boot on," explained Peleg, tugging till he was red in the face. "It's got wet and shrunk, I guess."

"Well, I ain't goin' to wait for your boots to dry," said the engineer, getting on his feet. "I've waited half an hour for you now. We've got fast freights on this road an' we can't be everlastin'ly knockin' them out. I'm goin' to pull out."

"Oh, you air, air you?" queried Peleg, hotly. "Well, I guess you ain't goin' till I'm aboard, or by ginger I'll see the directors of this road in jail, sure as my name is Peleg Whackem. You don't seem to understand that a railroad is run for the accommodation of the public. Times ain't what they used to be, when your doshdanged fast mail gave two toots and was from Peters' store to Rhodes Crossin' without stoppin'. We got some legislation, now, and the people are runnin' th' railroads—not a lot of overfed directors. So you jist wait right where you are."

"Well, there ain't any law requirin' me to stay here all day if it should take you that long to grease your boots," declared the engineer, with surly disregard for the public convenience.

"Oh, there ain't, ain't there?" retorted Peleg, rubbing the outside of his boot with a piece of soap. "Well, you jist wait till I git my copy of the revised statutes of the United States, and I'll show you whether there's any law or not." He strode into the house, with a flopping boot on one foot, returning with an immense volume, which he bore out to where the engineer was standing, and thumbed over till he came to a section encircled with a pencil mark. "There, darn you, read that!" he said. "I calculated to go to town to-day, and I jist looked up th' law to see what rights I had, and found 'em all set down here. It's fine and imprisonment, Mr. Engineer, if you go off an' leave me before I git this boot on, an' git on that train, an' I'll have the law on you and your whole kit an' caboodle of directors."

The engineer read the statutes slowly and with great care. Peleg tugged at the refractory boot meantime.

"I guess you're right, Peleg," the engineer admitted, handing back the revised statutes. "The law seems clear enough."

"You bet it's clear, an' it shows the people got some rights as well as the railroad," said Peleg.

"I'd like to git into the city before mornin'," said the engineer. "I wish you'd hurry as much as you can, Peleg. My passengers are gettin' nervous."

"Let 'em git nervous," retorted Peleg. Ain't they all got nosegays? What more do they want? Mebbe they think because I'm a farmer I ain't got no rights, but I bet I know the law better than they do. I got 26 pounds of butter to take up to the city, an' I lose two cents a pound on it if I don't git it there on this train, an' I ain't goin' to lose no such sum as that jist because the fast mail wants to make a speed record. Git a holt of that boot strap, won't you, an' see if you can't help me git this boot on."

They tugged unitedly, and the boot came on. Peleg sighed with relief and the engineer climbed into his cab.

"Now, jist as soon as I git my white shirt on an' my butter salted on top I'll be with you," said Peleg, returning to the house.

In five minutes he reappeared with his butter crock in his arms. Entering the coach, he took two seats for himself and one for his butter, and the fast mail journeyed on.

Peleg looked out of the window contentedly. "This is what I call gittin' th' railroads properly regulated," he soliloquized.